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The Right Rev.nd Father in God
BENJAMIN L. Bishop of BANGOR.

Protestant P O P E R Y:
O R, T H E
C O N V O C A T I O N.
A
P O E M.

In Five CANTOS.

Address'd to the Right Reverend
The Lord BISHOP of BANGOR.

*Semper ego Auditor tantum, nunquamnè reponam
Vexatus toties ?*

*Incipe, Calliope, licet hic considerare ; non est
Cantandum, Res VERA agitur.*

Juv.

L O N D O N :

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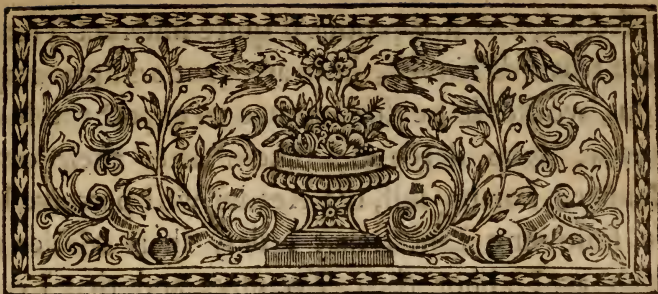
PROTESTANT POPERY
OF THE
CONVOCAATION
A
POEM

In Five Cantos

Added to the Right Reverend
The Lord Bishop of Bangor



LONDON:
Printed for B. & C. in the Strand
(1883)



PREFACE.



DID not at first intend to trouble the Reader with any Preface, knowing it to be impossible by any Arguments to obtain a favourable and impartial Perusal of a Performance of this Nature, from a Set of Men, who seem of late to have thrown off every human and christian Obligation to Charity and Benevolence, and stick at nothing to promote those carnal arbitrary Interests, which all honest and sober Christians, but especially Protestants, must for ever condemn. Neither do I now trouble Him with such an Intent: For since the most noble, generous and christian Behaviour of the Bishop of *Bangor* towards all his Adversaries, has prov'd

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ineffectual, and still produc'd quite different Treatment towards himself, how arrogant and presumptuous would it be for any one to expect the least Favour, who dares use Them after their own Manner? For my self, the Reader will perceive by the following Lines, that I defy their Malice as much as I abhor their Tyranny; and that I disdain all the blackest Misrepresentations, that either the most bigotted Prejudice can suggest, or the most industrious Calumny can invent. I shall very readily, and very patiently submit to the Names of *Atheist, Libertine, Freethinker, Enemy to Religion and Revelation, &c.* rather than sordidly give into Their absurd and self-contradicting Principles; rather than impiously expect my eternal Salvation from a weak human Tribunal; and tamely sacrifice my Conscience to the Direction and Disposal of an haughty, petulant, fallible, earthly Guide; rather than profess one Thing, and practise quite the contrary; rather than call my self a *Protestant*, whilst I am openly acting over the *Papist* in the Face of the World. The Man, that can stand silently by, and unmov'd behold, much more approve and abet such unchristian and unwarrantable Proceedings, as the *Engines* of this World have of late been transacting, must be instigated by something worse than
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the mere Prejudices of Interest, Complexion, or Education. It would be no less tedious than needless to mention the numberless Instances of Bitterness, Malice and Insolence; which have within one Year only been made use of to blacken the unspotted Character of a truly Christian and Protestant Bishop, since his Lordship has Himself so publickly and in so full a Manner answer'd each particular Calumny, as soon as it first appear'd in the World, and defeated the cruel Expectations of his Enemies. The Controversy was no sooner begun, but the Malignity of his Adversaries broke out into personal Reflections, and personal Abuses; and through the whole Course of the Debate nothing is to be met with on one Side, but a continued Series of impotent Slander and Defamation; whilst on the other, instead of such unjustifiable Methods of Argument, the Reader finds the most conclusive Reasonings join'd with the most benevolent Candour, and christian Deportment. If we may know the Tree by the Fruit that it bears, the Cause which is now carrying on, cannot be the Cause of Christianity, for the Cause of Christianity will never stand in need of the meanest Artifices of the Devil to support it, but is built on a much

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ful Foundation, than of Wrath, of Violence and Persecution.

And here, since the worthy Dean of *Chichester* has thought fit to publish to the World a Catalogue of *unjustifiable Extremes*; which, it seems, his Lordship has run into meerly thro' *Opposition*; I will venture to point out one, amongst ten thousand, which one of his Friends hath run into, and which I humbly conceive to be much more unjustifiable, and much more *shocking* than any he can produce; and which ought indeed to make the Ears of a Christian tingle. Mr. Marsden, Archdeacon of *Nottingham*, in his Remarks on the Bishop's Sermon, after having attempted to prove that his Lordship had perverted his Text; and that Christ's Kingdom is not the same with Christ's Church, or at least only so in *some Sense*, speaks at last p. 23. in this Manner. " This (*that Christ's Kingdom is his Church*) is *gratis dictum* with Relation to your Text, which is an Answer to *Pilate*, as I have already said; and an Answer not so properly Matter of Choice, but rather our blessed Saviour was in *some Manner obliged* to make it, by the Nature of *Pilate's Question*, and of the Occasion." I will now appeal to any impartial Man in the World, whether our blessed Saviour,

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Saviour, the upright, undesigning *Jesus*, is not in this Sentence represented under the Character of a cunning, timorous, cavilling Sophister ; of one that would not scruple even a solemn Prevarication, to evade an hampering Question, and to serve a vile worldly Occasion. What Reparation this learned Person is able to make to the whole Christian World for so foul an Indignity on the Person of our Saviour, I confess my self at a Loss to imagine ; but hope that with due Application made to Him, He will either explain himself on this Occasion, or forthwith ingenuously retract so ungrounded an Assertion. I the rather mention this learned and scurrilous Remarker, because the ordinary Reader, who may not perhaps have read the whole Controversy, would otherwise think what I have said of Him in the following Poem, to be nothing but Poetical Flourish, and Satyrical Hyperbole and Aggravation ; and to induce Him to believe that all my other Characters are not made up of the mere Common-places of Satire, but that most of what I have said, may be justify'd from each Person's particular Writings and Behaviour.

I might also, for my Justification in this Matter, refer the Reader to a late Pamphlet, intituled, a *Letter*

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ter to the Reverend Dr. Bradford, occasion'd by his Sermon preach'd before the King, &c. He will there find the generous and extensive Protestant-Reformation-Principles so wretchedly straiten'd, and confined to one particular small Number of Men, that it must needs make any considering Christian despair of Salvation; for He has plainly asserted, that nothing but an *exact Unity of Faith and Worship*, of the *Externals* and *Internals* of Religion, will intitle us to the Favour of God. I shall produce an Instance or two. Having stept aside in the beginning of his Letter to take notice of a Sentence in Dr. Hayley's Sermon before the KING, where that learned Divine says, *that it is impossible Men's Thoughts should run exactly in the same Channel*: This Remarker adds, p. 9. *I am of the same Opinion, if They are not guided and directed by one and the same Rule, but are left every one to follow their own Fancies and Imaginations.* What can Bellarmine Himself contend for more?

In another Place he says, p. 14.—“ All Reasoning
 “ about matters of Religion, and divine Revelation,
 “ must for ever cease and be at an end, if Christians
 “ erect a Court of Conscience in their *own* Hearts,
 “ which cannot be govern'd and determin'd by the
 “ reveal'd Will of God, or by the Decisions of the
 “ Bishops

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“ Bishops and Pastors of the Church, in Things
“ properly subject to their Jurisdiction and Autho-
“ rity.” To which it is easy to answer, That all
Reasonings about *Matters of Religion* and *divine*
Revelation, can never be govern’d and determin’d
by the reveal’d Will of God, unless Christians
erect a Court of Conscience in their own Hearts;
and that *such Matters of Religion* and *divine Revela-*
tion (if he means any thing to the purpose) ought
to be govern’d and determin’d by the reveal’d Will
of God, and by the Court of Conscience which
Christians erect in their own Hearts; and not by the
Decisions of the Bishops and Pastors of the Church;
nor are *such* things properly subject to their Jurisdic-
tion and Authority. This Anonymous Letter-writer
is indeed so profess’d an Enemy to Conscience
and private Judgment in Matters of Religion, that I
very much suspect him to be some lurking *Romish*
Emissary, adapting himself to the Air of the Times:
And what almost confirms me in the Suspicion, is,
that thro’ the whole Letter he seems mighty fond of
the Words *Antient*, *Primitive*, *Catholick Church*;
by which, every one knows, the modern Papists
often express the *Church of England*, meaning there-
by, as it stood before the Reformation. Besides;
any one that considers his Notion of a *Reformation*,
would

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would be apt to think, that he meant a Reformation TO POPERY; for he expressly says, p. 15.—
“ That all those who understand the true *Interests*
“ and *Claims* of the Church, will allow, that it
“ still wants a *farther* Reformation; and that it
“ ought to approach *still nearer* to the Establishment
“ and Constitution of the *Primitive Church*.”
Whereas on the contrary, most of our modern Churchmen are of Opinion, that we are already TOO FAR remov'd FROM Popery. But this is not all; for p. 19. after having given us his narrow Notions of Reformation-Principles, he proceeds openly to condemn our great *Protestant Reformers*, for a pack of ignorant and designing Persons, in these Words. “ I am very sensible, that the *Re-*
“ *formers* themselves *did not*, all of them, *under-*
“ *stand* the true Nature and Constitution of the
“ *Christian Church*; and that some of them, who
“ did understand those Things, *were obliged to un-*
“ *reasonable Compliances* with the Secular Powers, to
“ secure their Protection and Defence against the
“ Power of the Church of *Rome*, and its Adhe-
“ rents. The Church was oblig'd to purchase a
“ Reformation at a great Expence, both of its
“ *Spiritual and Temporal Interests*.” Is it possible for any one to believe that so open and undis-

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guis'd an Attack upon the Reformation, can be made by one who even *calls* himself a *Protestant*? What follows is still as remarkable.

“---*An Union* among Protestants---will be found,
“ to be very practicable, when the several sorts
“ of Protestants shall have laid aside their private
“ Interests, Partialities, and *particular Opinions* and
“ *Sentiments* ; and resign *their Judgments* to be directed and govern'd by the *Laws* and *Authority* of
“ the *Catholick Church*.

Notwithstanding what follows, I cannot possibly comprehend what he means by the *Laws* and *Authority of the Catholick Church*, unless he means of the Church of *Rome* ; because I know no *Church* besides, to whose *Laws* and *Authority*, Christians are required to resign their *particular Opinions*, their *Sentiments* and their *Judgments*. In many other Places he earnestly contends that Christians are indispensably bound to submit to the *Dictates*, and *Authority of the Catholick Church*. From all which I think it very reasonable to suspect; that the Letter-writer is a profess'd Papist ; but I may be mistaken, since we are not without Examples of *professed* Protestants of this sort. However, I may very safely affirm, that he is a Protestant only in Profession ; so that it is amazing to me, to find him, p. 16. ridiculing the

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pretty new Notion (as he calls it) of *Protestant Popery*, because His whole Letter, if it be not directly Popish, is, I am sure, far from being Protestant; it must be therefore a mixture of both, it must be *Protestant Popery*.

But to conclude, what I have said in the following Pages, will either sufficiently Apologize for itself, or will admit of no Apology. I shall only say, that it is intended for the Entertainment of none but Protestant Readers: For as to the furious, arbitrary, fallible-infallible Churchman; the *passive, non-resisting, Rebelious* Jacobite, and the insolent *Assassinating* Nonjuror, I shall most joyfully, and with all Resignation abandon myself to Their Hatred, and despise all Their Insults, as I would the impotent Fury of Madmen in Fetters: They may burst with Envy, if They please, without giving me any Uneasiness.

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

I Do hereby publicly forbid the *reverend, learned and worthy* Doctors, SNAPE and SHERLOCK, with all their *Seconds*, and all other Persons whatsoever, at any future Pinch of Argument, to charge his Lordship, the *Bishop of Bangor*, with either directly or indirectly employing or encouraging the Author of the following Poem, to *abuse the whole Clergy of the Nation, in order to exalt his own Character* : For I do hereby declare, that I am an unconcern'd By-stander and Spectator, utterly unacquainted with the Person of his Lordship; and of all the principal Writers in this Controversy, and therefore disinterested on that Account ; but that, warm'd into Resentment at the unchristian Behaviour of *some* Persons towards his Lordship, I did of myself, *unsway'd by either Hopes or Fears*, undertake this Task, without any Application made to me, or Encouragement from any Man upon Earth. And I do particularly command the *reverend, learned and worthy* Dean of *Chichester*, not to place me to his Lordship's Account, in his *future Catalogue of Abuses* ; for that being myself alone the Person guilty, I do intreat him to let me bear myself

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self all the Imputations which may be fix'd upon my own Works, and which myself alone deserve ; and not bring innocent Persons into the Quarrel. And I do, lastly, desire the World, if either of those two *reverend, learned* and *worthy* Persons, or any Body else should, contrary to this Prohibition and Declaration, make use of the Name of this Poem, by way of Argument against his Lordship, to lay no weight upon it, but look upon it as meer Invention and stupid Forgery, as proceeding from an implacable Rancour of Heart, and from a Dearth of more material, argumentative, controversial Calumny.





THE
CONVOCATION.

A
POEM.

CANTO I.

A Priestly-War I sing, and bloodless Field,
And pious Chiefs, in Paper Warfare skill'd;
Chiefs, that full oft have quarrell'd for their God,
And all the Mazes of the Schools have trod;
Pro-

Profoundly skill'd to lead the World astray;
 Skill'd to explain or gloss a Text away,
 Unlimited Positions to restrain,
 And, for a Turn, to hedge them in again :
 Such Chiefs I sing, Religion's Reverend Sires,
 Whom Conscience actuates, and the CHURCH
 (inspires.

Let others, venal Bards, in impious Lays,
 Pamper Ambition, with immortal Praise;
 In mournful Dirge let softer Coxcombs whine,
 And idolize the Fair in ev'ry Line;
 Let gentle *Gay* describe the Pastures green,
 Or club with *Arburthnott* a luscious Scene;
 Mine be the bolder Province, to engage
 A vicious Priesthood, and degen'rate Age;
 The furious *English-Papist* to chastise,
 And strip him of his *Protestant Disguise*;
 To tell what Heights ambitious *Synods* tow'r,
 How o'er the Soul they claim a lawless Pow'r;

How

How the staunch Church-man would his Faith
(betray,
And quite refine the *Protestant* away ;
And how to Glory and immortal Fame
Unweary'd HOADLY consecrates his Name.

While I, my Lord, this pleasing Task pursue,
And give to Merit its much-envy'd Due ;
Do you, to whom this humble Verse is paid,
Into my Breast infuse your pow'rful Aid,
That, unacquainted with the Poet's Stream,
New to the Bays, nor equal to my Theme,
Rais'd by your Smiles, I may be taught to sing,
And soar advent'rous on no vulgar Wing.

Fain would I trace, while you my Footsteps
(guide,
The secret Source of *Sacerdotal Pride* ;
Fain would I tell how Gospel-Candour fails,
And the old LAUDEAN *Leven* still prevails ;
How

How Fraud and Priest-craft have debauch'd the
(Times,

And *Romish Bigots* swarm in *British* Climes.

Say, Muse, what Pow'r inspir'd the fierce De-
(bate,

And sow'd in Heav'nly Breasts the Seeds of Hate ;

To latest Times transmit the wordy Fray ;

And set the learned Hosts in just Array,

Their Names, their Order, and their Numbers

(sing,

And rise undaunted on an Eagle's Wing.

Long set the glorious Sun of Gospel-Light,
Involv'd in blackest Clouds of *Romish* Night ;

The sov'reign Priest aspir'd into a God,

And on the Necks of the tame Lay-men trod :

From vulgar Eyes remov'd, and prying Day,

The sacred Page obscure in Cobwebs lay :

Voracious Wolves o'er-leap'd the hallow'd Mound,

And with religious Slaughter strew'd the Ground :

The

The Papal Chair was fill'd with Sloth and Pride,
And ductile Conscience own'd th'unerting Guide :
Indulgences and Pardons were retail'd,
And Sainted Murders thro' the World prevail'd :
Salvation pass'd like Stocks and current Gold,
And Heav'n was, in Reversion, bought and sold :
The Idol triumph'd o'er th'exploded God,
And Persecution shook her Iron Rod ;
O'er-grown with Empire, and enormous Pow'rs,
The Tyrant Church-man Civil Rights devours :
From hence, Contention, Feud, and Civil Broil ;
And Pagan Weeds o'er-run the Christian Soil ;
Ten thousand pageant Fopperies succeed,
And Superstition grows a Point of Creed ;
Such carnal Principles become in Vogue,
That CHURCH and PRIEST are grown mere
(Whore and Rogue ;
Of ev'ry Grace and genuine Charm bereft,
Scarce is the Shadow of a Christian left.

Now first in Arms our Warriour-Mother shone,
And o'er the World usurp'd a Ghostly Throne:
Now first she laid frail Argument aside,
And learn'd by surer Methods to decide;
By penal Arts to propagate the Word,
And blend Religion with the Civil Sword;
Gibbets become the Engines of Dispute,
And Racks and Flames the Heretick confute;
(For oft, what proves unable to convince
Imperial Reason, shakes the Coward Sense;)
While Armies, whom pathetic Torments bend,
To holy Mother, as their Center, tend.

Not so our Lord and his Apostles taught,
Nor by such Arts religious Converts wrought;
Candour and Love shone out in ev'ry Deed,
Nor did the stubborn Unbeliever bleed.

Thus lay the Christian Faith in Errour drown'd,
And holy Pride and Ignorance profound,
'Till our *Reformers* broke the rushing Flood,
And in the fatal Breach unshaken stood;
Inspir'd from Heav'n, they met *Rome's* keenest
(Rage,
The FLEETWOODS and the HOADLYS of the Age
Nor fear'd to die in the unequal Strife,
But for each darling Truth they paid a Life:
Inly they wept, a firm and virtuous Few,
To see their SAVIOUR crucify'd a-new;
To see their holy Mother pierc'd with Wounds,
While sacred Tyranny enlarg'd her Bounds;
Oppress'd with Fetters, and in Dungeons hurl'd,
Boldly they struggled with a carnal World;
Shame, Want, and Pain, for their *Redeemer's* Sake
They bore, and smiling met the greedy Stake.

At length the glorious Cause of Heaven pre-
 (vail'd,
 And Hell and *Rome* their ruin'd Arts bewail'd ;
 They saw the Glories of the op'ning Age ;
 They saw, and kindled into fiercest Rage :
 Oppression shook, disarm'd her broken Chain,
 And Inquisition gnash'd her vengeful Teeth in
 (vain ;
 The Church once more put on her native Light,
 And shone in ev'ry Charm divinely bright ;
 From Shade and Errour *Gospel-Truth* reviv'd,
 And on the Earth once more th'Apostles liv'd.

Abroad we conquer'd our Apostate Foes :
 But see ! at Home a Race more fierce than those,
 Who plead to Tyranny a *Right Divine*,
 And trace it back in one unbroken Line :
 A Race, that loath th'old-fashion'd *Gospel-Light*,
 New Doctrines coin, and foreign Gods invite,
 The

The passive Text has so o'erturn'd their Brains,
They laugh at Freedom, and contend for Chains;
Each Sermon teems with their industrious Fears,
And wins, with artful Cant, the vulgar Ears;
The CHURCH is falling, falling is the STATE.
And they preach Dangers — which themselves
(create.

Still in our *Albion* Popery remains;
The Name proscrib'd, the Spirit still obtains:
Again we lust for superstitious *Rome*,
And strive once more to bring her Errors Home.
By Turns we leave each other in the Lurch;
By Turns unchristen, and by Turns unchurch.
Th'ambitious, upstart, sacrificing Priest
Reigns absolute, and lords it o'er his CHRIST;
On a new Foot projects the sov'reign Scheme,
His *Prince* a Subject, and himself *Supreme*;
He pardons Sins, o'er-rules Divine Decrees,
And pleads a saucy Birth-right to the *Keys*;

While

While from the Prefs Anathemas abound,
And Pulpits lavish their Damnations round.
Fain would the CHURCH her quondam Pow'rs
(resume;
And all's *Geneva* that dissents from *Rome*.

Was it for this, Divisions rent the Age,
And Inquisition stalk'd with ten-fold Rage?
For this, with brain-sick Jealousies possess'd,
Did pious Thousands stand the fiery Test?
For this, did Councils wage religious War,
Creeds rival Creeds; with Altars, Altars jar?
Is there in P'OP'E R Y nothing but the Name,
A bugbear Word to set the World in Flame?
What have we labour'd then so many Years,
If vain our Doubts, and groundless are our Fears?
Why did we tremble so, if all was right;
Or why did *Cranmer* burn, or *NASSAU* fight?

Sorrow and Rage possess my Soul by Turns,
And all the *Protestant* within me burns:
My honest Heart with Indignation glows,
And in full Tides my boiling Choler flows:
To my big Thought great *Burnett's* Shade appears,
And *Tillotson* his rev'rend Image rears;
Reforming CONFESSORS, as Seraphs bright,
Stand forth in Glory to my ravish'd Sight,
And urge me onward to the promis'd Flight.



Some of the best of the

And all the best of the

My heart is full with indignation

And in the heart of the

To see the heart of the

And the heart of the

History of the heart of the

Some of the best of the

And the heart of the





THE
CONVOCATION.
A
POEM.

CANTO II.

WHither, oh ! whither must the Christian turn ?
From whom in this momentous Crisis learn ?
When shall the *Church* from worldly Poms be freed ?
What Champion equal to the Godlike Deed ?

D

Oh !

Oh! when shall we shake off the Papal Chain,
 If *William* fought, and *Smithfield* blaz'd in vain?

On you, my Lord, we fix our ardent Eyes,
 And *Christendom* to you for Succour flies;
 To you the Church Her tow'ry Head inclines,
 And begs Protection from your nervous Lines:
 Fondly she glories in so warm a Son,
 While half her Tribe to Idol-Altars run;
 With Christian Zeal You lop the *Hydra*-Beast,
 And from the Church divide the Selfish Priest:
 Firm in Her Cause sustain *Herculean* Toils,
 And save Her from Her own intestine Broils:
 By *G E O R G E* and You with silent Joy she sees,
 Her Turrets thicken, and Her Foes decrease;
 Alike all hostile Cunning she disdains,
 Whilst or a *Hoadly* writes, or *Brunswick* Reigns.

The stiff *Nonjuror* in thy Mirrour Page,
 Surveys His Image with impatient Rage,

Whose pious Outside, sanctify'd with Art,
Conceals the lurking Viper at His Heart ;
Good-Will to all, the Villain-Saint pretends,
While ranc'rous Hate His vengeful Bosom rends.
Swoln and elated with Religious Pride,
He views as Atheists all the World beside :
His ostentatious Conscience he displays,
He fasts in Publick, and in Publick prays ;
He bears a secret Grudge to human Race,
And insolently scants unmeasur'd Grace :
His Laymen-Victims in such Numbers fall,
Scarce Hell's wide Dungeons will contain them all.

The Wretch our fulsome Liberty disdains,
And swaggers in *Hereditary Chains* ;
Demure of Aspect, with uplifted Hand,
He calls down Vengeance on his Native Land ;
The Thought of *Brunswick* sets his Soul on Flame,
And his Breast swells with Madness at the Name.

Well didst thou, *Cibber*, shew him on the Stage,
 A Traytor, lustful, impotent of Rage,
 Whom not one real Virtue does commend,
 False to his P R I N C E, ungrateful to his *Friend*;
 The Specious Veil of Conscience you withdrew,
 And sent the Monster forth to Publick View.

See! the rous'd Genius of the *Church* arise!
 See! Vengeance quicken in her glaring Eyes!
 Around her Head she throws the twisting Snakes,
 Her *Welsh* Blood kindles, and her Soul awakes,
 Malignant Poison swells her Vip'rous Breast,
 And all the Sacred Fury stands confess'd.

Across the Main in that *Elysian* Soil,
 Where lavish Nature crowns the Farmer's Toil,
 Where tow'ring *Alps* and *Appennines* are seen;
 And lusty Verdure cloaths the Plains between;
 Deep in the silent Womb of Ancient Night,
 Unknown for ever to the Dawn of Light;

The Goddess *Priestcraft* rules in Purple State,
And to the Neighb'ring Realms awards their Fate:
Sublime she sits upon a Throne of Gold,
And Reigns an Holy Tyrant uncontroll'd ;
The Regal Scepter in one Hand she bears,
In one a pompous wavy Scroll appears ;
Where Subject-*Princes* their Allegiance plight,
And *Trent* in Golden Cyphers greets the Sight ;
From down her Shoulders to her Rev'rend Feet,
A Length of Consecrated Vestments meet :
Her Brow is Circled with a Triple Crown,
Kings court her Smile, and *Europe* dreads her Frown.

Around the Goddess waits a num'rous Band
Of bloody Fiends, and haste on each Command.

Here *Inquisition* sits, of monstrous Size,
And darts around her Pestilential Eyes ;
With her foul Breath she taints the Sick'ning Air,
And wreaths in noisome Curls her Snaky Hair.

Her

Her op'ning Jaws, arrang'd in Iron Rows,
 A frightful Armory of Teeth disclose:
 Her Robe is colour'd with a Crimson Flood,
 And her huge Belly swags with Christian Blood;
 Daggers and Whips her impious Hands sustain,
 And all th' ingenious Instruments of Pain:
 With *Unity* the Vocal Walls resound,
 And *Heresy* lies grov'ling on the Ground.

Nearest to Her in all the spacious Cell,
 Sits *Bigotry*, the Second-born of Hell;
 Her Breast with a distemper'd Zeal is rent,
 And rooted Pride, and pining Discontent:
 Her scanty, narrow Soul disdains to see
 Our Wills like our Complexions disagree';
 In the same Track of Thought would goad Mankind,
 And on the World impose one common Mind:
 Wrapt in herself, and drunk with fond Conceit,
 Nor knowing from Opinion to retreat.
 To Argument she shuts her partial Sight,
 And Demonstration sheds too dim a Light:

No Reason can her darkling Mind controul,
And intellectual Error shades her Soul.

Here *Superstition*, deck'd with gaudy Pride,
Attends the Goddess, like an *Eastern* Bride.

Her Robes with gorgeous Pageantry are wrought ;
But fancy'd Terrors haunt her boding Thought.

Sham Miracles beyond what Poets feign ;
And legendary Fables crowd her Brain.

Fantastick Visions rise before her Sight,
And all the empty Phantoms of the Night.

On meritorious Baubles she depends,
Of Sainted Ruffians, and departed Friends.

To Idol-Saints she lifts her earnest Eyes,
And on Ten Thousand Advocates relies.

Next in her Place *Implicit Faith* attends,
And solemnly before the Goddess bends.

Devoid of Eyes the monster-Fiend appears ;
But well is that Defect supply'd with Thousand Ears :

To them she trusts with sanguine Confidence,
 And yields to them each other passive Sense:
 Absurdities for Gospel she receives,
 And ev'n *Impossibilities* believes.

Hard by, her Sister *Ignorance* is seen,
 With stupid Gaze, and indolent of Mien :
 Her hoodwink'd Eyes are veil'd with solid Night,
 And her Blood boils with Rancour and with Spight.
 The greasy Beads she plies with restless Hands,
 And mutters what herself not understands :

These, and a Thousand more of various Mien,
 And various Aspect, wait the *Fury QUEEN* :
Hypocrisy assumes her awkward Guise,
 She smites her Breast, and rolls her Saintly Eyes :
 Pride, Avarice, Ambition, Rage, Deceit,
 And tame Submission crouch beneath her Feet.
 The Goddess casts around her haughty Look,
 And on her Head the hissing Vipers shook :

Then thus began, in a distemper'd Tone,
Most venerably rising from her Throne.

- “ Still shall this *Northern Heresy* succeed,
“ Nor Sword, nor Poison kill the baleful Weed ?
“ Still shall the hated *Hoadly* rise in Fame,
“ And propagate his Doctrines with his Name ?
“ Still shall he Lord it with victorious Pride,
“ And still in Triumph o’er our Barriers ride ?
“ Unpunish’d still shall he molest our Reign ;
“ Shall *Hickes* and *Howell* join their Force in vain ;
“ In vain shall *Brett* assert our dying Laws ;
“ In vain shall *Johnson* labour in our Cause ?
“ *Johnson* for us each human Cunning tries,
“ Dispenses Oaths, and breaks thro’ strongest Ties ?
“ *English* his Habit, but his Heart is *mine* ;
“ A *Catholick* and *Orthodox Divine*.
“ Nor these alone in *Albion’s* Isle confess
“ Our ghostly Throne from Pulpit and the Press
“ Unnumber’d Chieftains, at the Signal Word,
“ Will shine in Armour, and unsheath the Sword :

“ From the remotest Distances will come,
 “ To curb this haughty *Prelate*, Foe to *Rome*.

“ Soon as To-Morrow’s Dawn restores the Light,
 “ The *English Synod* summon all their Might ;
 “ In close Debate to spend th’ important Hours,
 “ And vindicate their sacred injur’d Powers.
 “ Thus then I purpose ; — at Return of Day,
 “ Er’e the full Light has chas’d the Shades away,
 “ A chosen Spirit, turbulent, and loud,
 “ Shall wait and mingle in the Learned Crowd ;
 “ Inflame their Councils with revengeful Ire,
 “ And with the *Danger of the Church* inspire.
 “ This Task, O *Inquisition* ! shall be thine,
 “ The glorious Province I to thee assign :
 “ In the warm *Junto* bear no vulgar Part,
 “ Breath Rancour and Revenge in ev’ry Heart.
 “ Against the *Prelate*, with uncommon Zeal,
 “ Go bawl and thunder out the Sacred Weal ;
 “ Awake to Vengeance each attentive Seer,
 “ And check his bold exorbitant Career :

“ Call

“ Call forth to Mind their glorious Actions past,
“ When *Laud* or *Bonner* at the Helm were plac’d :
“ Say how their ancient Liberties decay,
“ Their Absolute Command and Priestly Sway :
“ Say how a *Bishop* has attack’d their Rights,
“ And in his SAVIOUR’s Cause unpunish’d fights ;
“ The *Sov’reign Empire of the Keys* reviles,
“ And at their *Charter of Damnation* smiles :
“ And how the contumacious Layman-Elf,
“ Usurps a Power of Judging for himself.

“ If *Reason* fail, let *Censures* be apply’d,
“ And let him feel those Powers he half decry’d :
“ Strike boldly, and with one decisive Blow,
“ The Popular Arch-Heretick o’erthrow ;
“ But strike with Caution, and dissembled Love,
“ And change awhile the *Scorpion* for the *Dove*.
“ Alone his vicious Principles arraign,
“ Respect and Honour for his Person feign :
“ With seeming Grief the fatal Cause bewail ;
“ And, surer to betray, first *Kiss* and *Hail*.

“ Stripp’d of his Lawn, in vain shall he relent,
“ And of his Daring, when too late, repent.

She spoke ; and smiling like old *Chaos* seem’d,
When the first Spark thro’ sullen Darkneſs gleam’d :
The future Miſchief ſparkles in her Eyes,
And ſavage Tranſports in her Breaſt ariſe :
When *Inquiſition* roſe, with Vengeance ſtung,
The Snakes in Curles a-down her Shoulders hung :
On *Dæmon*-Wings ſhe reach’d the Coaſts of Day,
And ſhap’d to *Albion*’s chalky Cliffs her Way.





THE
CONVOCA TION.
A
P O E M.

C A N T O III.

MEanwhile at the declining Noon of Night,
When gentle Sleep had veil'd each Mortal's
(Sight ;
With balmy Dews the smiling Pastures weep,
Torrents are hush'd, and drowsy Whirlwinds sleep ;
The

The Cattel flumber on the spacious Plain,
 And Darknefs rules o'er Earth, and Skies, and
 (Main :

Fatigu'd with public Cares and Toils of State,
 (His Thoughts ftill anxious for *Britannia's* Fate,)
 Ev'n mighty *BRUNSWICK* had resign'd to

(Reft,
 The golden Slumber fpringing to His Breaft ;

When fee, the Genius of our Ifle appears,
 And gently whifpers in the Monarch's Ears :

The Guardian-Form all clad in bloomy Light,
 And feems a youthful Cherub to the Sight ;

A golden Circlet binds his fhining Hair,
 Which from his Shoulders falls with wanton Air :

For ever watchful o'er the Godlike Man,
 He fpread his beaming Wings and thus began :

“ Beware, O PRINCE, forewarn'd by Heav'n,
 (beware

“ Approaching Danger, and elude the Snare :

“ No

“ No foreign Sword invades thy dreaded Reign,
“ Nor calls Thee forth into the dusty Plain.
“ *Urbino's* Bankrupt-Youth, a warless Knight,
“ Declines his boasted Claim and *Lineal Right* :
“ No more of Conquest and of Empire dreams,
“ And plots no longer his ill-fated Schemes.
“ Ev'n *Sweden's* King, for warlike Daring known,
“ Repents his Rashness on the *British* Throne :
“ The distant Realms to thy Decisions yield,
“ And warring Kingdoms take or leave the Field.
“ The *Turk* and *Austrian* wait for thy Command ,
“ And *Europe* trusts the Balance to thy Hand.

“ But arm at Home against the threat'ned Blow,
“ And in th' aspiring Churchman see the Foe ;
“ Who domineers it in a Christian Way,
“ And on the Gospel grafts Tyrannic Sway :
“ The rising Sun beholds the op'ning War ;
“ The summon'd Chiefs assembling from afar.

“ The

“ With that alone he scorns all Hostile Blows,
“ And singly triumphs o’er Ten thousand Foes.

“ At him the *Belial*-Priesthood aim their Rage,
“ And into Factions rend th’ uniting Age :
“ In various Shapes, as *Proteus* ever knew,
“ Their vow’d Revenge relentless they pursue :
“ A like the Christian and the Man they blame,
“ And censure both his Doctrines and his Fame ;
“ The keen Resentment rankles in each Heart,
“ And Emulation points the venom’d Dart.

“ *Fleetwood*, untouch’d with Pontifical Pride,
“ Refers each Christian to his Conscience-Guide :
“ Nor studious the Believer to enslave,
“ Rejects all Pow’r, but what his Master gave.
“ *Trimnel* and *Talbot*, Two immortal Names,
“ Of Tyranny disown the spurious Claims.
“ For all Mankind the gen’rous *Kenmet* lives ;
“ And *Chillingworth* in *Pillonniere* revives.

“ Beware, O PRINCE, forewarn’d by Heav’n,

(beware

“ Approaching Danger, and elude the Snare :

“ From forth thy Bosom turn the Viper-Guest,

“ Or, e’er he bite thee, crush him at thy Breast ;

“ With timely Care th’ impending Ill avert,

“ Their Pride defeat, their Councils disconcert :

“ Awake, and heal Religion’s bleeding Veins,

“ So shall the World confess a *Brunswick* reigns,

Thus having said, he vanish’d from his Eyes,
And in a sudden Blaze resum’d the Skies,
Straitway the Monarch woke to dawning Light,
And in his Mind revolv’d the Vision of the Night.

The Morn, now clad in Robes of various Dye,
Serenely blush’d along the op’ning Sky ;
Whose setting Light decides *Britannia’s* Doom,
And carries in Event the Fate of *Rome*.

Near to that Place, where Justice lifts the Scale,
While Orphan-Right and Equity prevail :
Where the fam'd *Cowper* pleads the Widow's Cause,
And blunts the Edge of the too rigid Laws :
Where *King* and *Parker* rose to early Fame,
And learned *Jekyll* gain'd a deathless Name :
In the adjacent Abbey of Renown,
Full in the *Western* Canton of the Town,
The Synod is conven'd : His proper Place
Each trusty Member fills with rev'rend Grace ;
Immur'd they sit within the brazen Wall,
And teach the Christian Stocks to rise or fall :
They fix the Layman's Faith, intent of Thought,
And stamp each Doctrine Orthodox by Vote ;
The Gospel is declar'd an useless Guide,
And passive Crowds believe as they decide.

Now had the Fury reach'd the *British* Shore,
And just alighted at the Council Door :

Musing she paus'd a while ; then entring took
Dawson's sleek Aspect and unthinking look ;
 Like him she sails aloft, of bulky Size,
 And lazy Mists suffuse her batt'ning Eyes ;
 Her goodly Presence and Majestick Height,
 With Veneration fill the obvious Sight ;
 Her ample Chin, full rev'rend to behold,
 Voluminous descends in many a Fold.

The Churchman-Hag review'd her sage Compeers,
 And hemming, thus bespoke the list'ning Seers.

- “ And shall unmark'd the daring *Hoadly* write,
 “ And scoff at our Decisions in despight ?
 “ For *Toleration* publicly declare,
 “ And shall we, passive as we are, forbear ?
 “ Was't not enough, with sacrilegious Hands,
 “ That the Eighth *Henry* spoil'd us of our Lands ?
 (Ev'n whilst I speak, transported with Delight,
 “ The ravish'd Manors swim before my Sight.)
 “ Was't not enough, that our Revenues lost,
 “ And every pleasing View of Empire crost ;

“ That

- " That of all former worldly Goods bereft,
 " The Tenths alone are to the Clergy left?
 " That, like th' Apostles, an abandon'd Race,
 " We boast alone a double Share of Grace?
 " That we alike with them, from whom we claim,
 " Are grown a meer unformidable Name;
 " And heir in one uninterrupted Line,
 " Their Poverty, as well as Gifts Divine?
 " But shall this Devil, to compleat our Shame,
 " (With all due Rev'ence to so great a Name,)
 " Shall he, observant of the fatal Hour,
 " Despoil us of our Sacerdotal Power?
 " Perfidious Wretch! that to advance his Cause,
 " Durst boldly trample on our Sacred Laws;
 " And soundly studious of the Layman's Praise,
 " Himself, his Brethren, and ——— the Church
 " (betrays.
 " Soon as the Church was nam'd, with Grief
 " (oppress'd,
 " A deep-fetch'd Murmur bursts from ev'ry Breast;
 " The

- “ The Hag, her Fraud the better to conceal,
 “ Devoutly Sobbing with extatick Zeal,
 “ Stop’d short a while ; and thus resum’d Discourse.
 “ Why therefore use we not Religious Force ?
 “ As yet at least ’tis giv’n us to controul
 “ His headstrong Neck, and tame his vaunting Soul ;
 “ Let us at length exert our dormant Pow’rs,
 “ His is the wrangling Talent, and not ours ;
 “ Each latent Fraud unerring, he descries,
 “ And points it out to less sagacious Eyes ;
 “ Reason no longer will our Cause support,
 “ And Sophistry hath made her last Effort :
 “ ’Tis time at length *Authority* awake,
 “ And from her Limbs the drowsy Slumber shake ;
 “ We still, tho’ routed on the list’d Plain,
 “ The Fastness of Authority retain :
 “ Let then Authority confirm our Zeal,
 “ And who shall from Authority appeal ?
 “ Justice and Honour calls us ; for ’tis fit
 “ We boldly Censure what he boldly Writ.

“ But first, if I foresee aright, ’tis best
 “ That formally their Lordships be address’d ;
 “ Our Miter’d Fathers with indulgent Care,
 “ No doubt will listen to our filial Pray’r ;
 “ If they refuse to grant what we implore,
 “ We’ll vote them useless as we’ve done before ;
 “ And by our selves in this Affair proceed,
 “ While each true *Churchman* shall applaud the
 (Deed.

She spoke, and lowring fate. When *Bisse* began,
 A florid Pulpiteer and rev’rend Man.

“ What you advise, O! Brother, I approve,
 “ With Speed their Lordships and his Grace to move ;
 “ Just are your Fears, and your Resentments just,
 “ Of the bold Prelate, that betrays his Trust ;
 “ Who under Covert of the Publick Good,
 “ Imbrues his Fingers in his Mother’s Blood.
 “ And over-weaning of his reas’ning Strain,
 “ Does our whole Church-Oeconomy arraign,

“ Ex.

“ Exhorts the Layman, in his wonted Pride,
 “ Her Articles and Canons to deride ;
 “ To laugh at Outcries of all human Fear,
 “ And to be happy bids him be sincere:
 “ To Christ alone he has the Pow’r confin’d,
 “ To sway the Conscience, and to rule the Mind ;
 “ To Christ alone all lawful Pow’r is giv’n,
 “ To treat with Sinners, and dispose of Heav’n.

“ With Grief unfeign’d, and deep Concern of Heart,
 “ I bear in this Consistory a Part.
 “ The Church alone extorts these Throws of Zeal,
 “ My latest Hours devoted to her Weal :
 “ Ev’n now, methinks, I see her tott’ring Wall,
 “ Which nodding seems to bode her sudden Fall :
 “ To ev’ry Sect her Portals are thrown wide,
 “ And Danger threatens her on every Side :
 “ Long has she stood the Shock of civil Blows,
 “ From daring Atheists and Socinian-Foes :
 “ In vain have Sectaries conspired her Doom ;
 “ In vain have foreign Arms and Feuds at Home :

“ At

“ At length the Christian Vineyard to deface,
“ And leave without a Fence the hallow’d Space,
“ A Bishop undertakes, with monstrous Hands ;
“ And saps himself the Ground on which he stands ;
“ Resolv’d at once the Priesthood to dethrone,
“ And to his *Saviour* King submit alone.

No more the Sage each Danger could repeat,
But deeply groan’d and sunk into his Seat :
When *Proteus* thus harangu’d the rev’rend Crowd,
And utter’d these ill-omen’d Words aloud.

“ What then remains, but that with one Accord,
“ In our Defence we draw the Sacred Sword ?
“ Her Freedom still shall wayward Conscience boast,
“ In her own giddy Wilds of Error lost ?
“ A Curse on latest Ages to derive,
“ Still authoriz’d shall *Heresy* survive ?
“ Still shall the *Panther* wear her spotted Hide,
“ And the strict *Union* of the Church divide ?

“ Nor shall the Civil Arm avenge our Cause,
“ And force Obedience to the Christian Laws ?
“ In wordy Parle, devoid of binding Pow’rs,
“ What boots it to protract the tedious Hours ?
“ Or what avails the Crozier and the Lawn,
“ If worldly Sanctions hap’ly be withdrawn ?
“ Rise, Brethren, rise ; with the vindictive Rod,
“ Protect your Altars and assert your God.

O Mortal, rash of Soul, with Zeal o’ercast,
Blind to the future, thoughtless of the past !
With ill tim’d Rage whilst *Hoadly* you accuse,
Know the same Vengeance the same Guilt pursues :
Too late, alas ! you’ll curse the luckless Hour,
And wish again the Minutes in your Pow’r :
Nor labour’d Darkness shall conceal your Shame,
Nor all the Flow’rs of Speech repair your Fame.

Now the fam’d *Busby*’s Successor arose,
And snuffed his Suspicions thro’ his Nose :

Then

Then *Cannon* herding in the common Cry,
 Condemns he knows not what, he knows not why.
 A num'rous Party the same Fears confess,
 With equal Sorrow, and Concern no less ;
 Their raging Veins with Floods of Spleen ferment,
 And beat impatient for the great Event.

When *Stanhope* thus address'd them from the
 (Chair :

- “ Well does a falling Church deserve your Care ;
 “ Our sinking Altars call aloud for Aid ;
 “ Our Temples shaken, and our Rights betray'd.
 “ You see, my Brethren, with what boastful Pride,
 “ Our regular Succession is decry'd :
 “ What dang'rous Tenets to the World are taught,
 “ Our Pow'rs Ecclesiastic set at nought.
 “ With you the fatal Juncture I deplore,
 “ And dread his Doctrines much, his Influence
 (more.
 “ Wherefore some Cure must be apply'd with Speed,
 “ (Heav'n grant our joint Endeavours may succeed.)

- “ In lukewarm Counsels we debate in vain,
“ The scoffing Prelate mocks our idle Reign.
“ Forthwith then a COMMITTEE be assign’d,
“ In ample Form to represent our Mind ;
“ In soothing Words to dress our pious Fears,
“ And ask Redress from our paternal Seers.
“ With utmost Care select the trusty Band,
“ Prompt for the *Church* to act as we command ;
“ Of known Attachment to her drooping Laws,
“ And zealous to promote the dying Cause,
“ Nor let this Opportunity be lost,
“ And each consenting kind Concurrence cross’d ;
“ The lucky Minutes, as they hast away,
“ Seem to upbraid us for this short Delay :
“ All Hardships and Reproaches we defy ;
“ Our *Church* demands it, and we must comply.

He fate ; when straitway the deputed NINE
Retiring enter on the great Design :
Unquestion’d Churchmen all , a sturdy Band,
And strongly charm’d with absolute Command.

In solemn Conclave now the Clan engage,
And squeeze out Heresy from ev'ry Page:
From each ambiguous Word they wrest Offence,
By puzzling Grammar, and perplexing Sense;
To fix the grievous Charge they toil all Night,
And scarce their Counsels end with Morning Light.

Soon as the rising Sun had left the Main,
In Synod meet the zealous Seers again :
When now the grave *Committee-Men* appear,
And shake the learned Scroll with scornful Leer.
The poignant Words are read ; th' applauding
(Court
Joyful receive and enter the REPORT :
When nought remain'd but that with their Request
The Mitre'd Fathers straitway be address'd.

But see, alas ! how mortal Man may fail,
Nor will his finest Policies avail ;
What various Chances wait the surest Blow ?
And how precarious are all Things below ?

Just as with hasty Steps the Dome they sought,
Their utmost Wilhes to a Crisis brought ;
Just as they enter'd with their smart Appeal,
The *Royal Mandate* intercepts their Zeal.

Say, Muse, what Wonder through the Dome ap-
(pear'd,

When first the fatal word *Prorog'd* was heard ;
What sudden Sorrows and Laments arose,
What Jealousy of Friends, and Dread of Foes :
Their Bosoms burn with disappointed Rage,
And pale Confusion marks each gaping Sage ;
Her borrow'd Form the Fury laid aside,
And crost on Wings of Wind the briny Tide.
The gnashing Seers, unknowing whom to blame,
Retire oppress'd with Madness and with Shame,
Alike from Synod and the Town retire,
To dine each *Sunday* with the neighb'ring
('Squire.

So

So when of late on *Scotia's* barren Plain,
The Rebel Clans despis'd their SOV'RAIGN's Reign,
A while they bluster'd, terrible in Arms,
And scar'd the Loyal Swain with dire Alarms :
But soon as *Brunswick's* Thunder once was heard,
The passive Warriors sudden disappear'd ;
Content amongst their Native Rocks to dwell,
And plot their Treasons in the *Highland-Cell*.



T H E

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THE
CONVOCATION.
A
POEM.

CANTO IV.

THE Worldling *Churchman*, raging with Defeat,
Renews his Hate, and burns with double
(Heat.
Tho' foil'd in Synod, he laments the Day
That snatch'd his Pow'rs, his darling Pow'rs away ;
H Tho'

Tho' spoil'd of all Authority Supreme,
 He sees his Empire vanish like a Dream.
 The free-born Tongue not Monarchs can restrain ;
 And still the Pulpit and the Press remain :
 Still 'tis allow'd him in Scholastick Fight,
 To plead his Ghostly Pow'rs and injur'd Right.

The Paper-War succeeds : From ev'ry Part
 The scribbling Chiefs are clad in Terms of Art ;
 Each rising Sun renews the Pamphlet Fight ;
 (The lurking Jesuit gladd'ning at the Sight,)
 His Warlike Pen the Bigot-Churchman draws,
 And *Hoadly* combats in the Christian Cause ;
 Each saucy Priestling to the Battel flies,
 And in the Sacred Lists with *Bangor* vies ;
 All, Sanguine, promise to themselves Success,
 And Reams of Martial Learning crowd the Press.

Do thou, O Muse, the warring Priests rehearse,
 And swell with Pamphlet-Combatants thy Verse :

Say

Say what unnumber'd Champions of Renown,
Stewards of Peace, and Worthies of the Gown,
Alike both *Brumswick* and their *Saviour* hate;
Alike the Freedom of our Church and State :
And who, on either to compleat their Rage,
Attack the strongest Bulwark of the Age.
Let no Compassion on the Traytors fall,
Loose all thy Satire, and exhaust thy Gall.

First, stern *Orbilius* in the Lists appears,
Debauch'd in Faction from his Infant Years ;
A graceless Miscreant, that long since o'ercame
The virtuous Glowings, and the Pangs of Shame :
God sent him forth in Wrath to curse the Earth ;
His Principles more sordid than his Birth,
To wage eternal War with spotless Truth,
And sow Sedition in the tender Youth.

When *Pedagogues* in Controversy deal,
What Conflicts must an Adversary feel ?

Pride and Ill-Nature seasons all his Stile,
Each Paragraph o'erflows with Pedant-Bile :
His ev'ry Period crabbed and severe,
Smells of the Birch and terrifies the Ear.

Touch'd by his Pen, Religion fades away,
And all Her lovely Oracles decay :
The Christian Truths with fainter Glory shine,
And dwindle into Priestcraft through each Line.
Sprung from the Anvil, and inur'd to Flame,
For *Fervency* the Champion he became :
Devotion, so he thinks, consists in Sweat,
In Agonies, in Calentures, and Heat.
Ignatius thus met Heav'n half way in Air,
Wrapp'd in a furious Hurricane of Pray'r.
The *Worldly Church* in his Affections Reigns,
As some Men court the Heirefs for her Gains :
Charm'd he beholds her absolute Command,
And wrests the Scepter from his Saviour's Hand.

In sacred Chivalry no bolder Knight
Thro' *Albion's* Isle provokes the Pamphlet-Fight ;
With dauntless Prowess he attacks the Foe ;
His throbbing Veins with martial Ardors glow.
Like the fam'd *Swift* he thrives in Venal Fray,
And takes the Lifts for Convocation-Pay :
With labour'd Frauds he stuffs his shining Page,
And prostitutes his Conscience to his Rage :
His Malice to no Parties is confin'd,
But hates alike all Protestant Mankind.

No more, ye Sages most profoundly wise,
That live beneath the *European* Skies,
In search of Antichrist disturb our Peace ;
Your grave Disputes, and your Enquiries cease :
In vain the fever'd World you traverse o'er,
Behold the Monster on the *British* Shore.

Next, *Proteus*, churlish shuffling Dean, appears,
And shows to publick View his *Phrygian* Ears :

Hamper'd by *Sykes*, confounded and perplext,
Ten Thousand Ways he racks the stubborn Text ;
The stubborn Text elastic Force retains,
And by its self alone its self explains :
A Wight so inconsistent in each Deed,
As Contradiction were his darling Creed.
Prompt to unsheath, despis'd by righteous Men,
His self-vexatious, self-condemning-Pen :
Skill'd to extract a Meaning ; and refine
On plainest Words, a *Gentleman*-Divine.
With Coxcombs most his flashy Parts excel,
He reasons poorly — but he rallies well.
Reveal'd alone to the uncommon wise,
His Argument retires in dark Disguise,
With luscious Ornaments of Wit laid thick,
Hard-labour'd Flights, and Strains of Rhetorick :
Thro' endless, puzzling Mazes led around,
The Reader thinks himself on Fairy Ground ;
No faithful Clue directs his wand'ring Feet,
While to the View unnumber'd Windings meet :

With

With painful Steps from Path to Path he strays,
And wanders on, bewilder'd in the Maze.

But see ! a Sermonizing Bard steps forth,
And vents his Rancour on distinguish'd Worth ;
His gloomy Aspect writhen with Grimace,
And not a Beam of Sunshine gilds his Face :
Each Feature speaks him ravish'd from the Plow,
And torpid Dulness slumbers o'er his Brow :
In whom Two Faculties united shine,
A Motley-Piece, half Poet, half Divine.
Here in soft Accents whining *Abra* plains ;
Here modern *Peace-Wrights* swell his fustian Strains :
If in the Pulpit he the Preacher ape,
The list'ning Vulgar for Sedition gape.
How oft, O *Oxford*, have thy Pupil-Throng
Catch'd the dry Precept struggling from his Tongue ?
In vain, the Muse disdains Mechanic Rules,
And shuns the Commerce of Pedantick Schools.

But say, vain Wretch, what Madness thee ex-
(cites,

Thee to correct what *Hoadly* better writes ?

Say, after *Dryden*, how durst thou translate ?

And fear'st thou not, presumptuous, *Milbourn's*
(Fate ?

By what blind Folly led, durst thou oppose,

Thy Pygmy Sense against such matchless Foes ;

Thy Verse so languid, and so dull thy Prose ?

Better for thee, egregious Pulpiteer,

To preach Damnation to the startled Ear :

Better for thee, amidst thy fav'rite Crowd,

To belch the Dangers of the *Church* aloud ;

Than to the Press commit thy hasty Zeal,

And to the Layman's common Sense appeal :

Better, than thus awake Fanatick Rage,

And tempt the Fury of a Whiggish Age.

Nonjuring Magus next the War sustains,

And *Sermon* and *Preservative* arraigns :

Than

Than him none better pleads in Paper-Fight
The Priest's Successive Apostolic Right :
None cramps the Conscience more in penal Ties,
Nor Protestant *Sincerity* decries ;
Than *Magus* none in stronger Terms confess'd,
Asserts a blind Submission to the Priest :
But most he labours to th' indocile Brain,
A regular Succession to explain ;
Profoundly skill'd in Heraldry Divine,
He searches their Hereditary Line :
Uninterrupted thro' a Chain of Years,
Their Sacerdotal Pedigree appears.
Not more exactly down from *Noah's* Flood,
The *Welshman* traces his descending Blood ;
With Scorn our upstart, *English* Race disdains,
And boasts the antient Patriarch in his Veins.

Majestick *Mammon* now maintains the Cause,
And for the Church his pointless Weapon draws ;
For Mother *Church* full zealously he groans,
And from the Press pours forth *Religious Moans* ;

His mournful Pages swell with *bursting Sighs*,
 And Tears suborn'd gush from his streaming Eyes :
 A worthless Wretch, so far beneath our Lays,
 That ev'n to mention is almost to praise ;
 His Forehead unsusceptible of Shame,
 He borrows from his Infamy his Fame ;
 Secure he laughs at the Satyrick Muse,
 And still unhurt his wonted Arts pursues.
 In vain we lavish all our boasted Art,
 Nor will our keenest Arrows touch his Heart.

To form a *Venus* once, as Authors tell,
 The Painter summon'd many a shining *Belle*,
 Scarce all th' assembled Toasts of ancient *Greece*,
 In all their Charms could furnish out the faultless
 (Piece :

And such Deformities in *Mammon* meet,
 To make the Monster and the Fiend compleat ;
 That to describe him in these impious Times,
 The puzzled Bard must club a Nation's Crimes :

The

The empty Minion of a restless Crowd,
Rich, haughty, lazy, ignorant, and proud ;
A bold Asserter of the Priestly Reign,
As *Lewis* and S——l, impudent and vain.

Archdeacon *Momus* with dead-doing Hands
Condemns by Wholesale, and with Censure brands:
Against each Sentence he exerts his Rage,
And all Hell breathes thro' his licentious Page :
A Grave and Theological Buffoon,
He feasts his Reader with divine Lampoon ;
And strongly touch'd with the Religious Spleen,
Outvies the Pedant-Doctor, and the Dean.
Nor *Hoadly* feels alone of earthly Men,
The keen, Iambick Rancour of his Pen :
He calls the wisest *King* the worst of Fools,
As ignorant of Laws, by which he rules.
Ev'n the World's* Saviour, undisguis'd of Heart,
Is charg'd with vile prevaricating Art :

* M——'s *Remarks*. 2d Edit. p. 23.

And rather than his wicked Claims deny,
 The spotless *Jesus* must return a Lye.
 The Liege-Man with the Christian well agrees,
 Against both human and divine Decrees.

The *Prolocutor* now his Strength essays,
 And stalks sublime in Magisterial Phrase :
 Dislodg'd from Pow'r, the Patriarch boils with Rage,
 And breaths *Authority* in ev'ry Page.
 While cloudy C — n wraps his Thoughts in Night,
 And throws a Veil before the Readers Sight.

When now in dread Array a bloody Train
 From *Grubstreet* rush, and crowd the peopled Plain :
 Unnumber'd Libels from the Press are sped,
 To satiate Malice; and for daily Bread ;
S—th, *L—w—s*, *H—ly*, *J—n—s*, *C—b—n* write,
 And *H—ll—d* bursts his Gall to wreak his Spite :
 Two martial Bards advance, with Thirst of Praise,
 And fight the Church's Cause in Dogrel Lays;

Pulpit and Press fictitious Ills engage,
And combat Windmills with *Quixotic* Rage :
Tumultuous Din and Clangor shakes the Sky,
And each vile Scribbler waves his Banners high.

In vain ye labour, O ye Sons of *Rome*,
In vain of Protestants conspire the Doom ;
The watchful *Headly*, with unsleeping Eyes,
Guards from rapacious Hands the golden Prize :
While *Whitby*, strong as an Apostle writes,
And *Burnet* in the gen'rous Work unites,
Burnet, whose Deeds to early Fame aspire,
Who treads the Footsteps of his Learned Sire :
While *Tenison*, by virtuous Motives sway'd,
Protests against you, nor vouchsafes his Aid :
While *Sykes*, immortal *Sykes*, and *Pillonniere*,
And *Kennet*, *Hughes*, and *Prat*, and *Pyle* adhere :
Your subtlest Labours and Designs shall fail,
Nor all the Cunning of the Schools prevail :
Sooner shall gross Absurdities agree,
And Lawyers and the Leech refuse their Fee :

Sooner

Sooner Old Age shall be restor'd to Youth,
 And Contradictions soften into Truth :
 The clust'ring Vine shall thrive on barren Ground,
 And *Oxford* with staunch Loyalists abound :
 Sooner shall Traytors mourn expiring Laws,
 Ambitious Synods plead Religion's Cause :
 Earth's Rebel Sons once more shall Heav'n defy,
 And *Stuart's* Bastard Race with *Brunswick* vye.





THE
CONVOCA TION.
A
P O E M.

C A N T O V.

WHile the fierce Contest rages from afar ,
And hostile Pamphlets breathe alternate War :
The carnal Priests at ev'ry Shock o'erthrown,
Now trust to pungent Calumny alone :
Repuls'd in mad Confusion they retreat,
And rallying still th' unequal Fight repeat.

Cease-

Ceaseless they labour by insidious Arts,
 To taint and prepossess the People's Hearts :
 The strongest Ties of Conscience they forego,
 And load with Slander the victorious Foe.

As *S——pe* involv'd in thoughtful Malice lay,
 Thro' all the Wilds of Vision snatch'd away,
 A gloomy Form stood present to his Sight,
 Of black *Tartarean* Hue, that *Scandal* hight ;
 A Monstrous Fiend, of such prodigious Size,
 Her Feet on Earth, her Head was hid in Skies :
 On thousand Wings up-born she soars sublime,
 From Pole to Pole, and ev'ry distant Clime :
 With Thousand searching Eyes and list'ning Ears,
 All secret Slanders she both sees and hears ;
 And what she sees and hears, each blasting Sound
 She trumpets with a thousand Tongues around.
 Her fallow Cheeks ne'er felt the circling Blood,
 And on her Head the Snakes erected stood :
 The circling Blood her shrivel'd Veins forsook,
 And all the Fury open'd in her Look :

Distor-

Distorted was her Brow, and in her Hand
She wav'd aloft to Sight a flaming Brand:
Thrice with the burning Torch she gently press'd,
And sped the livid Poison to his Breast.

The wrathful Priest indulg'd the pleasing Scene,
And waking burn'd with more than native Spleen:
Invention quicken'd in his *Gothick* Brain,
And Lies spontaneous crown'd his fruitful Pain;
His throbbing Veins with double Fury swell,
And rose in all the Energy of Hell.

And now he meditates the fatal Blow,
And clad in Scandal-Armour meets the Foe;
No more his Doctrines, but his Person wounds,
And with decisive Calumny confounds:
With frequent Disappointments sorely pain'd,
Impatient to revenge and unrestrain'd,
He guides his Weapon to the tend'rest Part,
And with Detraction stabs him to the Heart:

The tedious Work of Argument lays down,
 And dubs himself the *Pasquin* of the Town,
 From Coffee-House to Coffee-House he flies,
 Unwearied in the Search of solemn Lies ;
 With Hear-say Calumnies he fills the Scale,
 With Trash of School-Boys and a Gossip's Tale ;
 Trepanns each heedless Passenger he meets,
 And violent arrests him in the Streets :
 In private Talk th' unwary Tongue insnares,
 While each rash Accent his own Comment bears.

The Press malignant breathes obdurate Hate,
 And groans with controversial *Billingsgate*.
 Ev'n *Bangor* proves a Jesuit in Disguise ;
 Such mighty Force in bare-fac'd Scandal lies.
Bangor, the Champion of the *Whiggish* Cause,
 So oft with Conquest crown'd, and with Applause ;
Bangor, the boasted Protestant Divine,
 Whose Triumphs in recording Annals shine.

Immortal *Snake* the great Discovery made,
 And to the World the subtle Cheat betray'd :
 Nor flatter'd him in Words of modern Vogue,
 But spoke his Mind ——— My Lord, you are a
 (Rogue,
 A cunning, canting Traytor, void of Grace ;
 And call'd him perjurd Rascal to his Face.

Vain, impious Wish ! to taint such spotless Fame,
 And stop the useful Influence of his Name !
 What Fiend, what Devil has inspir'd thy Mind,
 To laugh at all the Ties of Human Kind ;
 Each strong Impulse of Nature to deny,
 And give thy Conscience and thy God the Lie ?

The injur'd Prelate, of unbounded Love,
 Wise as the Serpent, harmless as the Dove,
 Undaunted rises in his just Defence,
 And to the World appeals for Innocence :

To God and Man submitting ev'ry Part ;
 To Man his Actions, and to God his Heart.
 He looks with Scorn on a censorious Age,
 And pities each mad Sally of their Rage ;
 Ungovern'd, envious Tongues conspire in vain ;
 His shining Virtues mock their impious Pain ;
 Thro' a whole Series of deserving Years,
 No Stain, no Blemish in his Fame appears :
 The Tenor of his Life all glorious Bright,
 Pure and unspotted as the Morning Light.
 The Mists of Slander fly before his Name,
 And serve to brighten, not obscure his Fame.

O! *Nicholson*, by what blind Passions led,
 What wild *Capricio's* hurry'd round thy Head ? —
 But curb thy Satire, Muse, nor dare reprove,
 Whom *Brunswick* and whom *Hoadly* deign to love,
 O ! stop, rash Muse, the too ill-natur'd Tale,
 And o'er this *Blemish* cast a friendly Veil.

He err'd, by disingenuous Arts betray'd,
And undesigning from his Conscience stray'd;
Nor let this Failing blast his better Days,
And stop the Progress of his future Praise:
Long live to latest Times his deathless Fame,
Long live the Honours that adorn'd his Name,
When whilom he espous'd his Sov'reign's Cause,
And labour'd for our Liberties and Laws:
Bangor and *Kennet* in his Favour plead;
Bangor and *Kennet* have forgiv'n the Deed.

Here close, my faithful Muse, the shocking
(Scene,
Here cease thy Labours and suppress thy Spleen,
Nor tell how *Proteus* still new Shapes puts on,
And labours to compleat what *Snake* begun;
The tedious Clue of Calumny lay down,
Nor wade through all the *Kennels of the Town*:
Triumphant o'er the vanquish'd Foe rejoice,
And to the Victor lift thy grateful Voice.

Hail!

Hail! great Supporter of your Countrey's Laws!
 Hail! great Supporter of the Christian Cause!
 Whose Zeal alike to Church and State shines forth,
 And speaks the *Prelate's* and the *Patriot's* Worth;
 To thee th' officious Muse directs her Flight,
 And tow'rs ambitious the un-bounded Height,
 The *British* Muse no Dangers can dismay,
 If Justice prompt, and *You* inspire the Lay.

Thus would I tell to future Worlds your Fame,
 How from Reproach you save your envy'd Name:
 From ev'ry Part ward off redoubled Blows,
 Whole Hosts repelling of invidious Foes,
 Who view you posted in an Orb too bright,
 Turn pale and sicken with superior Light:
 Distinguish'd Worth ferments their jaundic'd Blood,
 And Emulation rolls the spleenful Flood.
 Calm and serene you see the Tempest rise,
 Nor dread the ruffled Deeps and angry Skies.

In your own artless Innocence secure,
You teach us what a Christian can endure ;
Wrongs unprovok'd with Candor you requite,
And in the midst of Wars in Peace delight.

Thus the great Founder of the Christian Name,
Subdu'd his Foes, and stubborn Crowds o'ercame :
Unmov'd himself, their thickest Darts re-press'd,
The bitter Taunt, and the licentious Jest.
Benevolence and Love each Action sway'd,
And Virulence with Meekness he repaid.

Thro' many a shining Year I trace thy Name,
To the first glorious Dawnings of thy Fame :
Wrestling with Error from thy early Youth,
And crown'd with Lawrels in the Wars of Truth.
From impious Pens you vindicate the Word,
And rescue Conscience from the Penal Sword ;
Thro' ev'ry Page what lovely Truths appear,
Thy Reas'nings strong, and thy Expressions clear ?

From

From human Creeds you free the Christian Mind,
And gain the publick Thanks of Lay-Mankind.

The Protestant is written in thy Face,
And Candor opens with an honest Grace ;
Thy Aspect speaks abundant in thy Praise,
And still we love the more, the more we gaze.
Wrapt in thy Name, my Heart in Triumph beats,
And my warm Pulse exults with living Heats.
Transports divine within my Bosom roll,
And in each Line I pour out half my Soul.

Late, very late may'st thou from Earth remove
To those eternal blisful Scenes above,
Where choral Angels sing their Maker's Praise,
And *Tenison* breaks forth in heav'nly Lays :
O ! late may'st thou partake the Joys Divine,
And with thy kindred Stars in Glory shine.

Mean-

Meanwhile, my Lord, pursue this glorious Cause,
And save whole Nations from Tyrannic Laws :
Dispel each Cloud of superstitious Fears,
And with the Sound of Freedom charm our Ears :
Remotest *Christendom* shall hear your Fame,
And future Tyrants tremble at your Name.
See! on his *Hoadly* from yon' Worlds of Light,
The mighty *Nassau* bends his grateful Sight !
Ev'n *Brunswick* owes his Sceptre to thy Hand,
And rules a restless discontented Land.
For see ! the * *Jacobite*, to Madness wrought,
Plans the gross Treason in his murd'rous Thought ;
Full gallantly he plays the Traytor's Part,
And dies with Royal Bloodshed at his Heart :
Madding he bids each sanguine Hope good-night,
And disappointed, hangs for very Spight :
Bursting with Envy he resigns his Breath,
And mutters Treason in the Pangs of Death.

* James Shepheard, *Saint and Martyr*.

Accept, my Lord, this tributary Praise,
And deign to pardon my presumptuous Lays :
In your own Works you Live, secure of Fame,
And through all Ages shall descend your Name,
'Till Nature and her Elements decay,
And all the frail Creation fades away.

F I N I S.





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